

FAIRBURN'S
CABINET

OF

Instruction and Amusement:

CONTAINING THE HISTORIES OF

SOLOMAN SERIOUS
AND HIS DOG POMPEY,
MASTER AND MISS GRACEMORE,
MASTER PETER PRIMROSE,
MASTER BENTLEY,
AMANDA, OR VIRTUE REWARDED;
THE LIFE OF MR. THOMAS THOROUGHGOOD;
HELM, AN EASTERN TALE,
THE BASKET MAKER,
AND
THE HERMIT.

Embellished with Coloured Engravings.

LONDON:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. FAIRBURN,
110, MINORIES.



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and Amusement.



Wisdom instructing the Infant Mind.

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THE HISTORY OF

THE SOLOMON ISLANDS

BY

JOHN G. REID

Author of "The History of the Solomon Islands,"
"The History of the Solomon Islands,"

CONTAINING THE HISTORY OF

THE SOLOMON ISLANDS

AND THE DOG ISLANDS

MASTER AND HIS DOG ISLANDS

THE DOG ISLANDS

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THE
HISTORY OF
Little Solomon Serious,
AND
HIS DOG POMPEY.

LITTLE Solomon Serious, the hero of this history, was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Serious, a happy couple, who possessed a small farm, pleasantly situated on the banks of the River Thames, near Richmond. When Little Solomon was a month old, his parents resolved to have him christened, and a day being appointed for that purpose, many of the neighbours were invited to see the ceremony performed. In the afternoon, before they carried him to church, a dispute arose about what his name should be, and continued for some time, but was ended by the nurse observing, that he had not once laughed since his birth. This all the company agreed was a great sign of wisdom, and it was therefore determined to give him the name of Solomon. However gravity may

be a proof of wisdom in general, in his particular case, there cannot be a doubt of it, for as he grew up, whenever a quarrel happened among his school-fellows, about their marbles, balls, or other playthings, it was always referred to his judgement, and he decided so impartially, that every one submitted cheerfully to his sentences. From these circumstances, he was commonly known, by the title of "The Wise Little Solomon." The evening of the day on which our hero was christened, proved a fatal one to his father, who had provided a fine sirloin of beef and a rich plum-pudding for the entertainment of his visitors. After supper, the company amused themselves by joking, blacking each others faces, and playing all the variety of gambols that are in vogue at Christmas, for it was at that time of the year.—Mr. Serious had, unfortunately risen, to hand a glass of ale to a person on the opposite side of the room, when on returning to his place and attempting to sit down, (without noticing that his chair was removed,) fell backwards and broke a blood-vessel by the violence of the fall. A surgeon was immediately sent for, but assistance was in vain, he died in less than two hours after the accident. Mrs. Serious was for some days out of her mind; her grief was so

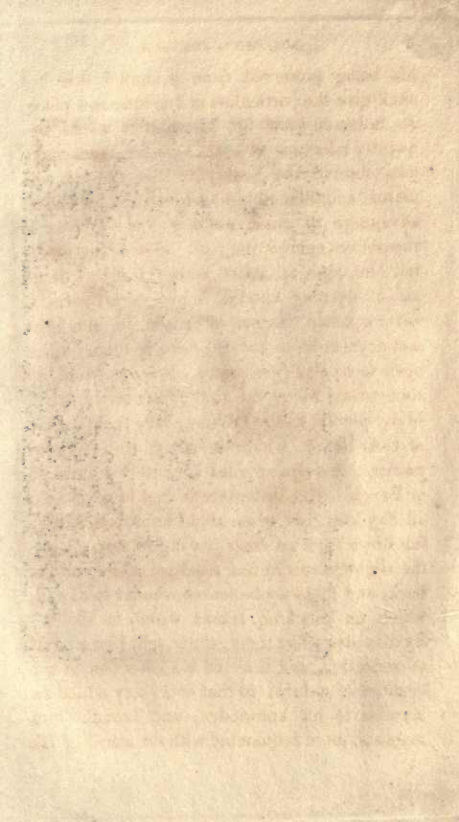
excessive, that it threw her into a high fever, which confined her to her bed for three weeks, and then left such a weakness behind, that, although the country air, and the goodness of her constitution were greatly in her favour, it was nearly a twelvemonth before she entirely regained her health. Let me now recal the attention of my youthful readers to the occasion of the death of Mr. Serious, which, as I have mentioned before, was owing to the removal of his chair. At the very moment he stooped to sit down, one of his neighbours, intending to cause a little diversion, snatched away his seat, and was thus unintentionally the cause of depriving a fellow-creature of existence, I have been particular in relating this circumstance, because I have seen the same trick often played by people, who, being ignorant of the sad consequences which sometimes attend it, think it nothing more than an harmless frolic. Thus cautioned, however, I hope they will leave it off, lest fatal experience should bring the pangs of causing another's death, home to their own bosoms. The long illness of Solomon's mother, and the villany of a man, whom she had employed to look after her farm, obliged her, on recovering, to sell every thing she possessed, to pay her debts; which, when

she had done, left her mistress of only five pounds. With this small sum she purchased a table, a few chairs, some household utensils, and a number of forms, to furnish a small cottage, which the Curate of the parish, to whom she had formerly been servant, let her live in rent-free. Here she set up a school, and though her learning was not very extensive, yet her industry, and diligence in teaching her scholars to *read, to love their parents, and to behave well*, procured her the notice of all the farmers in the neighbourhood who sent their children to her, and by so doing, enabled her to live in tolerable credit and decency.

When Little Solomon was between three and four years old, his mother taught him his letters, and in less than a week, he could tell the whole alphabet, without making a single blunder. She then put him to spelling, and gave him the London Cries, and some other pretty little books to read, which pleased him so much, that he went all through them in a very short time, and could repeat some of the stories by heart. He grew so fond of his book, and took his learning so fast, that before he was five years of age, he could read as well, as any boy in the school: and his mind was so much improved by it, that no one, who was less than

twice as old as himself, could equal him in good behaviour, or sensible answers. Solomon never delighted in the cruel custom of taking bird's nests, but as far as lay in his power, persuaded all his companions and play-fellows to leave it off. As I lived in the same village where his mother kept the school, I had a good opportunity of becoming acquainted with many marks of his compassion and tenderness to animals. One day, as I was walking by the side of Richmond Gardens, I observed him conversing in great earnestness, with another boy, rather taller than himself. Drawing softly behind him, I discovered a poor little half-starved puppy in his arms, which he was patting and stroking, with every appearance of satisfaction, and found by his discourse, that he had just saved the poor creature from being drowned, by giving his whole stock of money and play-things for it, which amounted to three-half-pence, a bag of marbles, and a spinning top. This instance of his humanity pleased me so much, that I gave him a shilling to redeem his effects, and buy victuals for his dog. Telling him, at the same time, that a *good action* never passed unrewarded. And this Solomon afterwards found to be true: for the same animal, he had saved from drowning, was the cause of

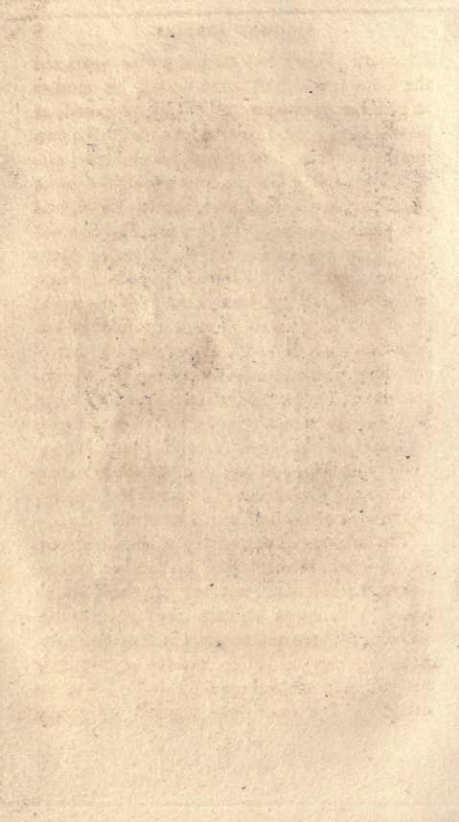
his being preserved from a similar fate. I shall give the particulars in due time and place. As Solomon grew up, his mother would frequently take him into the garden, and make him observe the beauty of the flowers and plants, and their admirable formation for taking advantage of good weather and protecting themselves against the bad. Some, she would tell him, shut up before sunset, lest the damp air of evening should injure them; others, never open till the sun is retired, for the heat and dryness of day would destroy them; some open to receive rain; some close to avoid it: some plants follow the sun, others turn from it. Many plants, in the evening, vary the position of their leaves, which is stiled the *sleep of plants*. A singular plant was lately discovered in Bengal. Its leaves are in continual motion all day long, but when night approaches, they fall down from an erect posture to rest. Upon the slightest touch, the sensitive plant shrinks back, and folds up its leaves, similar to a snail, which, on touching, retires within its shell.— By discourses like these, she taught him a nabit of reflecting, and directed his attention to the beauties of nature; so that every day added an increase to his knowledge, and brought him more and more acquainted with the *works of his*





POMPEY SAVING
SOLOMON'S LIFE.





Creator. When Solomon was nine years old the Curate, who had often visited his mother to give her assistance and advice, proposed, as he was such a good boy, to take him to his own house, and bring him up with his children; one of whom, called George, was about the same age, the other, a daughter, named Maria, was two years younger. To this proposal his mother joyfully assented, and the following Monday was fixed on for Solomon to go to his new habitation. During the remainder of the week, our hero's spirits were in such a tumult of expectation, that he could scarce think or talk of any thing, but where he was going, and the improvement he should make in his learning, Mrs. Serious was not so happy; the thoughts of parting with her only child, made her extremely uneasy, and nothing but the certainty of its being for his benefit, could reconcile her to the idea of parting with him at all.

The long and expected day at length arrived, and Solomon having kissed his mother, and received her blessing, set out for the Curate's house, which was situated near the church, and almost three quarters of a mile up the town. Little Pompey ran before, barking and wagging his tail, and seemed equally as joyful as his master. The door was opened by young

George, who, together with his sister, had been anxiously awaiting his arrival. For the good temper of Solomon had procured him the esteem of every boy and girl that knew him. They immediately let him into the parlour, where Mr. Jones, (for that was the Curate's name) and his wife were sitting. After Solomon had made his obedience, and Mr Jones had enquired how his mother did, he and George were told to go into the garden, or farm-yard, and amuse themselves till dinner time. Away they scampered, and George led his new companion to see the pigeons and the poultry. Here, however, a sad accident befel our hero, for having a pair of red breeches on, he was furiously attacked by one of the turkies, who it is well known, have an aversion to that colour. Not being prepared for such an encounter, he started back, and his foot slipping, he fell down in the dirt, when the turkey advancing with a loud cry, seemed determined to make an end of his fallen enemy. Master George stood ready to split his sides with laughing, and never offered the least assistance; but the faithful Pompey, who had followed them from the house, flew at the turkey, and seizing him by the throat, prevented his doing any more mischief, and gave his master an opportunity to rise. When Solomon got

up, he called off his dog, and the bird, not wishing to continue the fight against such odds, ran away. Our hero, who was much vexed at his cloaths being spoilt, and out of humour with George for not helping him, turned round without speaking, and was gravely walking towards the house; when George, who though somewhat mischievous, was not hard-hearted, having by this time recovered from his fit of laughing, overtook him, and tenderly asked if he was hurt. Solomon at first made no reply:—on the question being repeated, he said, his ankle felt as if it was sprained. Upon this, George vowed vengeance against the turkey, threatening to beat it without mercy, but Little Solomon, whose humanity never forsook him, begged he would do no such thing, for if his foot had not slipped, the accident could never have happened. By this time they had got into the house, and Mrs. Jones, having pulled off our hero's stocking, rubbed his foot with a mixture of hartshorn and oil. This soon allayed the swelling, but as it still pained him very much, she persuaded him to go to bed for the rest of the day. In the evening, Solomon felt himself something better, and by the next morning, was entirely recovered. He was now for the first time in his life, favoured with a look

through a microscope. The first object that Mr. Jones put under the glass, was a common fly. But how shall I describe the surprise of our hero, on discovering an animal nearly eight inches long, with eyes of the most dazzling brightness, and wings that seemed like fine gauze, streaked with shining silver, and of the most beautiful glossy black, that ever was beheld, "See" said Mr. Jones, "how admirable are the works of nature! even an insignificant fly becomes interesting, when we are in a proper situation to discover its beauties. We view it with wonder and amazement, and are astonished at the power that could lavish so much elegance and splendour in so small a compass."—Little Solomon could scarcely believe his eye-sight, and peeped under the glass, to be certain there was no deception. Mr. Jones, who could hardly help laughing at the expression of his countenance, told him, he should see more wonderful things on the morrow, but at present, he had not any more time to spare. Our hero thanked him, and withdrew.

The next morning, as soon as breakfast was ended, Little Solomon begged for another look at the microscope. Mr. Jones desired him to go into the garden, and catch a butterfly, and

bring it to him, taking great care not to hurt it: away ran Solomon, and presently returned with a large one of a beautiful gold colour. This was confined under the glass, in a manner, which though it prevented its flying, did it no injury. Solomon then looked at it, and was more surprized than before. The butterfly seemed changed into a bird, whose wings were ornamented with all the colours of the rainbow; the white meal that covered it, and which Solomon had before taken for a fine powder, he discovered to be feathers, everywhere disposed with the greatest order and regularity. When our hero had sufficiently satisfied his curiosity with this object, Mr. Jones let it fly out of the parlour window.—A small drop of stale vinegar was then put under the glass, and Solomon beheld an immense number of little animals, like eels, swimming about in all directions. Mr. Jones divided one with the point of a fine needle, when several oval bodies of different sizes issued forth. “These “bodies,” said the kind Curate, “contain young “eels, each of them coiled up and inclosed in “a thin covering, which is so exquisitely fine, “as scarce to be discernable with the greatest “magnifier, while it encloses the unborn animal. The largest and most forward immedi-

“ately break through this covering, unfold
“themselves and wriggle about nimbly in the
“water: others get out, uncoil, and move
“themselves about more slowly, and the least
“mature, continue entirely without motion.”—

These various operations delighted Solomon very much; and Mr. Jones, wishing to encourage him in the study of natural history, lent him a pretty book, called Baker's Employment of the Microscope,” where he told him he might read of animals so small, that millions will lie upon the surface of a halfpenny, though the length of their bodies are at least an hundred and fifty times equal to their breadth; and of many others, every whit as curious. “Whenever,” continued Mr. Jones, you have an inclination to look at any of them through the microscope, you shall always be welcome; I will deny you nothing, as long as you behave well.”—Solomon thanked him for his goodness, and said, he should often make use of the liberty that was given him. The generous Curate has since informed me, that our hero kept his word, for scarcely a day passed, without his bringing some object or other to survey: nor was Solomon less industrious at his learning, he soon made a great progress in arithmetic and writing; and, before he had been two

months at Mr. Jones's was able to construe a latin page with tolerable accuracy. About this time it was, that our hero had like to have been drowned, for having climbed up a tree that grew over the fish-pond, to replace a young bird, which had accidentally fallen out of its nest, a branch gave way, and he fell headlong into the water: here he lay struggling for some minutes, without being able to get out, and never having learned to swim, was on the point of sinking to the bottom, when in the very nick of time, Mr. Jones and his son George ran up. Mr. Jones being a good swimmer, directly jumped into the pond, and catching him by the hair, dragged him to the edge in safety. He then carried him home, and placed him between some warm blankets, where, with the aid of a cordial, he soon revived.—Mr. Jones now told him, that he was indebted for his life to the fidelity of his dog Pompey, who, it seems had followed his master into the garden, and on seeing him fall into the fish-pond, had run back to the house, where he pulled the flap of the Curate's coat, and then ran to the door barking and looking behind. At first, they did not notice him, but on his repeating the same actions, several times, Mr. Jones and his son were induced to follow him. Pompey led

them strait to his master, wagging his tail all the way, as if he was overjoyed at their compliance.—The consequence I have already related.—Thus was the life of our hero saved, wholly from the effects of his own humanity.

I trust that my little readers will not object to my relating another instance of Pompey's sagacity, which I was partly an eye witness to. The Curate's farm had been often disturbed by a fox, who broke in, in the night, and frequently took away some of the poultry. In vain were springs and traps set to catch him, he eluded them all, and continued his depredations as usual: Pompey, however, had discovered the place of Reynard's retreat, but not being able to cope with him himself, for several days he buried his allotment of meat and bones: he then collected several other dogs, feasted them from this hoard, conducted them to the fox's den, and by their assistance tore him in pieces. Let us now return to Little Solomon: who, the day after his narrow escape from drowning, was sent for by his mother. Solomon went immediately, and found her at the point of death: a violent cold, caught by walking in the rain, had brought on a fever, which increased so rapidly, that Mrs. Serious was sensible she should not live long. In this

situation, she sent for her son, and taking him by the hand, while the tears streamed from his eyes, spoke to him in the following manner.—
“I am now” my dear child, “going to my
“eternal home, the cares of this world will then
“trouble me no more; I am not fearful of dy-
“ing, for throughout my life I have been active
“in doing good; yet the thoughts of leaving
“you, my son, thus early, and unprotected, I
“must own is very painful. But I will not
“despair, for the same merciful Being, that
“sustained me when your poor father died,
“will also sustain and be a protector to you.
“He hath promised,—the all-powerful God
“hath promised, To be a father to the father-
“less, and he will not falsify his word. Do
“not grieve my child, death is only terrible to
“the wicked, on me, his darts have lost their
“power. I would fain give you some advice,
“but life seems ebbing fast; and I have only
“time to tell you never to depart from virtue,
“for it will assuredly make you happy, though
“in poverty: while vice, though in the midst
“of plenty, can only produce remorse and mi-
“sery.—In that trunk I have placed a will,
“which your benevolent friend, Mr. Jones, will
“see executed: It makes you master of all I
“have saved since I came to this cottage: tri-

“fling as it is, it may hereafter be a means of
“enabling you to set up in business, and when
“connected with industry and diligence, may
“lead to affluence.—Farewell my child be vir-
“tuous and be happy.”—When Mrs. Serious
had finished these words, she kissed her weep-
ing son, fell gently back upon her pillow, and
with a smile of hope and resignation on her
face, surrendered her soul into the hands of
her Creator and Judge. Little Solomon wept
most bitterly at her death, for she had been
one of the best and most indulgent of mothers;
and, for a long while, refused to be comforted.—
After her burial, he grew more composed, and
the lenient hand of time at length conquered
his affliction. The little property she had left
was removed to Mr. Jones’s, where our hero
again took up his residence, and once more ap-
plied himself to his learning with vigour and
resolution.

By the time Solomon was twelve years of age,
he had completely mastered the Latin language;
and, by his great attention to study, had amaz-
ingly improved his understanding. As a
proof of this I shall give the substance of a
conversation that passed one evening when I
was present, (being on a visit to Mr. Jones,)
between him, Master George, and Miss Maria.

Maria commenced the dialogue by saying, she wondered there should be such ugly, nasty things, as frogs and toads in the world, for she was certain they could be of no use, but to frighten people. To this Solomon made answer, that he was sorry to hear Miss Maria speak in such a positive manner, when it was impossible to be sure of being in the right. "Indeed," continued the youth, "though I cannot deny the first appearance of them to be disgusting, yet, on a better acquaintance, we forget the seeming deformity of their shapes. I have myself read of a lady, who took a great deal of pleasure in the company of a toad, letting it crawl over her hands and arms, and feeding it with snails and other insects." Here Master George said, he thought that could never be true, for the venom of the toad must have poisoned her. Solomon replied, "That the notion of the toad's being poisonous, was a mistake, founded either on prejudice or want of observation." "On the contrary," he continued, "it is perfectly harmless, and even useful as a medecine, if we are to believe the pleasing naturalist Goldsmith; who tells us, that a tradesman of Rome and his wife had long lived together with mutual discontent: the man was dropsi-

“cal, and the woman vicious: this ill-matched
“society promised soon, by the very infirm
“state of the man, to have an end; but the
“woman was unwilling to wait the progress of
“the disorder, and therefore concluded, that
“to get rid of her husband, nothing was left
“her but poison. For this purpose, she chose
“out a dose that she supposed would be most
“effectual; and having calcined some toads,
“mixed their powder with his drink. The man,
“after taking a hearty dose, found no consider-
“able inconvenience, except that it greatly pro-
“moted urine. His wife, who considered this
“as a beginning symptom of the venom, re-
“solved not to stint the next dose, but gave it
“in greater quantities than before. This also
“increased the former symptom; and in a few
“days, the woman had the mortification to see
“her detested husband restored to perfect
“health; and remained in utter despair of ever
“being made a widow; the very means that
“she employed for his destruction, proving the
“cause of his preservation and recovery.”

Frogs, and toads, are also of great use in des-
troying worms and other vermin which infest our
fields and gardens; for they do not, as many
ignorant people imagine, live upon vegeta-
bles, themselves, but subsist by preying on

those insects, who would otherwise feed upon and consume every herb and plant that is destined for the support and nourishment of man. —In this part of our hero's discourse, Maria declared herself satisfied of the usefulness of the animals she had railed against, and said, in future, she should be careful of asserting any thing positively, till she had been fully informed of the truth of it. "Pray, Solomon," proceeded the young lady, "as I know you have lately been reading the history of the Whale, tell me from what part of it the whalebone is procured; Most willingly," replied Solomon, "The whalebone grows in the mouth: it adheres to the upper jaw, and is formed of thin pieces, placed side by side, some of the longest are four yards in length: there are commonly three hundred and fifty on each side, but in very old fish, more; about five hundred of them are fit for use, the others being too short. They are surrounded with long strong hair, not oily, that they may not hurt the tongue, but as strainers to prevent the return of their food when they discharge the water out of their mouths. The real bones of the whale are hard, porous, and full of marrow."—Maria thanked our hero, for the information and entertainment he had

given her; and the conversation ended by the arrival of some company, among whom was a gentleman of the name of Bernard: he had in the early part of his life; been engaged by the East-India Company, to overlook a silk manufactory, and in some other matters, by which he had acquired a large fortune. On his return to England, he married an agreeable woman, by whom he had six children, four of which died in their infancy: The two others, together with their mother, were unfortunately burnt to death, about a twelvemonth before his present visit to Mr. Jones. This gentleman was so much delighted with the behaviour of Little Solomon, and with his good character, that he invited him to spend a few weeks at his own house. Our Hero having procured the consent of the kind Curate, joyfully accepted the invitation, on condition, that master George, and his dear sister, as he called Maria, were permitted to accompany him. To this Mr. Bernard consented, and the next day he sent the carriage for his visitors, when they all set off as merry as happiness could make them: even Pompey, though now grown old, and unable to divert by his playful tricks as he used to do, had a seat allotted him, by the side of his master. They soon arrived at Walton-up-

on-Thames, where Mr. Bernard's house was situated; who received them at the door, and politely ushered them into the parlour. Here they found a table covered with fruit of all kinds, ready for their reception. After they had refreshed themselves, Mr. Bernard led them into the garden, where he told them they might pull the grapes, gather the strawberries, or amuse each other in whatever manner they pleased, till his return, he being obliged to go to Oatlands on some particular business. Mr. Bernard got home about four o'clock, and called his little travellers to dinner, which consisted of a fine roast goose, a venison pasty, and a large apple-pye. In the evening, he took them to the play-house, at Weybridge, where they saw the Tragedy of King Richard the Third, and the pretty entertainment of the Spoilt Child. Solomon and his companions were greatly delighted with the performances, which, as they had never seen a play before, were totally new to them. The amusements being concluded they went home, and after a light supper retired to rest. At the conclusion of five weeks, spent in continual diversion and gaiety, master George and Maria returned home; but the good qualities of Solomon had so far engaged the esteem of Mr. Bernard, that he wrote a letter to Mr.

Jones, requesting him to let his pupil remain where he was for some time longer. This favour being consented to, Mr. Bernard, at the desire of our hero, procured a person to teach him the rudiments of drawing and colouring, in which arts, Little Solomon soon made a rapid progress. About this time, the famous dog Pompey died of old age, and his youthful master, having procured the consent of Mr. Bernard, buried him in the garden, and erected a small obelisk to his memory, from a design of his own. The following inscription also designed, and written by our hero himself, was engraved on the pedestal.

Beneath this Monument

The Body of the Faithful POMPEY,

Lies buried.

He departed this Life

On the 17th. of OCTOBER,

In the Year of our Lord,

1826.

Stay Traveller.—Awhile thy steps retard.—

If ever Friendship swell'd thy opening breast,

Let this cold Monument obtain regard,

For underneath the bones of Pompey rest.

Blush, faithless world! and take a lesson here:

Never did Pompey flatter to betray!

Gentle in manners, stedfast and sincere,

His fond affection never knew decay!

A Friend most true ! He was a friend in need :
For when his Master sunk beneath the wave ;
His great sagacity and ardent speed,
Rescu'd, and sav'd him from a wat'ry grave.
Now, pass on Traveller !—Yet bear in mind
Pompey's high worth, and value of his race :
Nor longer let the actions of his kind,
Reflect on faithless man, the blackness of disgrace.

Nothing material befel our hero from this time, till he was in his nineteenth year, when Mr. Bernard, (who would never let him leave his house, but had procured him every assistance to complete his studies,) died, and left him the whole of his fortune, on his attaining the age of twenty-one. Solomon was extremely sorry for his death, which, though it placed him in a state of affluence, had deprived him of a tender and indulgent friend, for whom he felt all the love and fondness of a son. Gladly would he have resigned every thing he was in possession of, could it but have restored the life of his benefactor; but this was impossible: and the youth, in all the bitterness of grief, wept at the loss of him, who had behaved more like a father than a stranger. Mr. Bernard was buried in the following week, at the church of Walton. Great numbers of poor people attended his body to the grave, and with tears in their eyes, saw his remains committed to the

earth. To them he had ever been charitable, having relieved their wants, and provided for their necessities; and now, that he was no more their affliction and lamentations were without bounds. Our hero ordered the sum of fifty pounds to be distributed among them and declared his resolution of acting in the same worthy manner as his deceased friend. Soon afterwards, Mr. Serious, (for by that name Solomon is now called,) went to his former benefactor, Mr. Jones, and presented him with a five hundred pound bank note, as a small proof of gratitude for the kindness he had shewn him in the early part of his life. It was with much difficulty he prevailed on Mr. Jones to accept this token of remembrance, who, when he did, used these remarkable words. "I take it, Sir, because I will not be thought above accepting a recompence, but be assured, that the pleasure of doing good, is alone far superior to any reward that can be offered."—Mr. Serious then invited him and his family to his house, where they now live together in great harmony.

My little Readers will learn from this history, the great benefit that may arise from behaving well, and paying attention to the improvement of their minds. If Solomon had neglected his

book, or acted improperly, Mr. Jones would never have taken notice of him. He never could have been introduced to the acquaintance of Mr. Bernard, consequently, never could have had his fortune. If he had been idle, played truant, or otherwise neglected his learning, it is most probable he would have continued all his life a vagrant and a beggar.

THE HERMIT.

A HERMIT, who had passed the greatest part of his life in the middle of a lonely desert, remote from all mankind, whose food was the fruits of the earth, whose drink was the crystal fountain, who might, had not one single doubt arisen, have ended his days in devotion and happiness. This doubt was, whether Providence guided the actions of men or not; for, said he, if heaven does really interest itself in the concerns of mortals, how happens it, that we so often see vice triumphing over virtue, and the good man suffering great injuries from the hands of the wicked?

In order to clear the matter up, he determined, even in his old age, to leave his humble cell, and to visit the world. Accordingly he arose at break of day, and after travelling for some time, he perceived a youth come posting over a cross way; his raiment was decent, his complexion fair, and his hair fell in loose ringlets down his shoulders: when they met

“ Good-day to you, honoured father,” said the youth; and “ Good-day to you, young man,” replied the Hermit. Words brought on words, and question produced answers; and the agreeable conversation deceived the length of their journey till night approached. They observed a stately palace just by the road side; the knight who resided there was hospitable, but very ostentatious; they stepped up to the door, and giving a gentle knock, were admitted in an instant; a splendid supper was served up, and a large train of livery servants attended, and waited upon the two guests with as much respect as if they had been noblemen: at length they went to bed, being fatigued with their journey, and did not wake till morning. As soon as they were up, however, they were summoned, by their kind host, to breakfast; the table in the hall was covered with a sumptuous banquet, and rich wines were handed round in a large golden cup. When they had eaten and drank as much as they pleased, the knight dismissed them, and they left his door with ten thousand thanks; the landlord had only reason to be sorry, for the young man was so ungrateful as to purloin the golden cup.

They had not pursued their journey far, before the youth took an opportunity of showing

it to the Hermit, and acquainted him of having secreted it under his cloak. The sage stood for some time in astonishment and confusion; he wished, but did not dare to hint his desire of parting; he turned his eyes to heaven, and thought it hard, that generous actions should be so strangely rewarded.

The weather now became cloudy, a rustling noise was heard in the air, the cattle in the fields scudded across the plain in search of shelter, and at length so violent a shower fell, that the two travellers were obliged to seek shelter at a neighbouring seat; it stood upon a rising ground, and was built in the old Gothic taste, with turrets at every corner: it was large and very strong; and the uncultivated state of the fields round about, bespoke the residence of some penurious miser.

They stood knocking at the door for a long time, driven by the wind, battered by rain, and almost blinded by lightning. At length a small gleam of pity warmed the breast of the master of the house, he advanced with slow and creeping steps, the lock was turned with a suspicious care, and, for the first time, his threshold received the feet of a stranger. They were but half welcomed. One frugal faggot only lighted the naked wall; a small pittance

of coarse brown bread was brought out, and a little flat small beer to allay their thirst; even this refreshment was not granted without grudging, and as soon as the tempest ceased, a ready warning bid them depart in peace.

The Hermit could not help privately expressing his amaze, that a man of such possessions could lead so sordid a life; and here again he blamed Providence, for suffering so much wealth to be so uselessly locked up, when by an equal distribution it might have made thousands happy. But with what new wonder was he seized, when he beheld his companion reward such stinginess with the valuable cup, that had before been stolen from a more generous benefactor.

Night soon after once more came on, and once more they wanted a place of rest; and looking round they perceived a mansion not far off, the dwelling was neither mean nor idly superb, and it seemed to bespeak the mind of its owner, a man content and benevolent, not for the sake of idle praise, but from a principal of virtue. Hither they bent their way, and were very kindly received; the host gave them a sober, welcome repast: and they talked upon subjects of religion and virtue till bed-time.

In the morning, before they departed, the

youth drew near to a cradle, where laid an innocent infant (the pride and joy of its aged father) and writhed its neck. But how looked the Hermit, when he beheld the black deed! O strange return for so much hospitality!

Confused and struck with horror, the good old man was determined to get rid of so vile a companion: he fled, but the youth pursued and soon overtook him. As the country laid wide, and the roads were difficult to find, a servant went before to show the way; they had occasion at last to pass a river, when the youth, who seemed to watch every opportunity of mischief, approached the careless guide as he was crossing a wooden bridge, and soused him into the river; for some time he plunged and called for help; but being at length worn out and suffocated, he sunk to rise no more.

The Hermit's eyes now sparkled with rage and detestation; he overcame his fears, and wildly exclaimed, "Detested wretch"—before he could speak another word, his partner seemed no longer a man; a sweet serenity graced his youthful visage, his robe turned as white as snow, and flowed down to his feet; a radiant crown adorned his temples, heavenly odours breathed round about him, and his wings displayed colours more beautiful than the rainbow.

The Hermit stood astonished; surprise had stopped his speech, and he knew not what to do. The beauteous angel at length broke silence in the following manner:

“Thy prayers and praises, O holy Hermit, thy virtue and religion, rise in sweet memorial before the throne of Grace, and call even an angel down to calm thy mind. Then know this truth; the great Creator of the universe justly claims the world he has created, and his Majesty depends on using second means to work his own good purposes. The vain man, who fared sumptuously, and whose life was too luxurious to be good, whose sideboard displayed his wealth, and who forced his guests to morning draughts of wine, by loosing the golden cup, has broke off so bad a custom; and though he still welcomes every stranger, yet he now does it with less pomp and expence.

“As for the suspicious wretch, whose doors were bolted with so much precaution, with him I left the cup, that he might learn, that if mortals will be kind, heaven can repay their benevolence; conscious of this, his icy bosom, now for the first time, feels the warm touch of compassion.

“The child of our pious friend had almost weaned the affections of his father from the

duty he owed to the Almighty; but God, to save the parents, took the child; to all but thee he seemed to die in fits, and I was ordained to call him hence. The poor humble, fond father now owns, in tears, the punishment was just.

“ But had the false servant, whom I drowned, returned back in safety, what a fund of charity would then have been lost! for he had laid a plot against the life and possessions of his master, and this night, this very night, it would have been put in execution. Thus then, by heaven instructed, depart in peace, resign and sin no more.”

The vision vanished. On bended knees the Hermit gazed with holy admiration, and said, “ Lord, as in heaven on earth thy will be done:” then rising sought his ancient residence, and spent the remainder of his life in piety and peace: convinced of this great duty, that when men cannot investigate the Almighty’s operations, they ought to trust to the rectitude of them, without doubting or discontent.

HE LIM,

OR

The Virtuous Physician.

THE name of Helim is still famous through all the eastern parts of the world. He is called among the Persians, even to this day, Helim, the great physician. He was acquainted with all the powers of simples, understood all the influence of the stars, and knew the secrets that were engraved on the seal of Solomon the son of David. Helim was also governor of the Black Palace, and chief of the physicians to Alnareschin, the great king of Persia.

Alnareschin was the most dreadful tyrant that ever reigned in this country. He was of a fearful, suspicious, and cruel nature, having put to death, upon very slight jealousies and surmises, five and thirty of his queens, and above twenty of his sons, whom he suspected to have conspired against his life. Being at length wearied with the exercise of so many cruelties in his own family, and fearing, least

the whole race of Caliphs should be entirely lost, he one day sent for Helim, and spoke to him after this manner: "Helim, said he, I have long admired thy great wisdom and retired way of living. I shall now shew thee the entire confidence which I place in thee. I have only two sons remaining, who are yet but infants. It is my desire that thou take them home with thee and educate them as thy own, train them in the humble unambitious pursuits of knowledge. By this means shall the line of Caliphs be preserved, and my children succeed after me, without aspiring to my throne whilst I am yet alive." "The words of my lord the king shall be obeyed," said Helim: after which he bowed and went out of the king's presence. He then received the children into his own house, and from that time bred them up with him in the studies of knowledge and virtue. The young princes loved and respected Helim as their father, and made such improvements under him, that by the age of one and twenty they were instructed in all the learning of the East. The name of the eldest was Ibrahim, and of the youngest Abdallah. They lived together in such perfect friendship, that to this day it is said of intimate friends, that they lived together like Ibrahim and Abdallah.

Helim had an only child, who was a girl of a fine soul, and a most beautiful person. Her father omitted nothing in her education, that might make her the most accomplished woman of her age. As the young princes were in a manner excluded from the rest of the world, they frequently conversed with this lovely virgin, who had been brought up by her father in the same course of knowledge and virtue. Abdallah, whose mind was of a softer turn than that of his brother, grew by degrees so enamoured of her conversation, that he did not think he lived when he was not in company with his beloved Balsora, for that was the name of the maid. The fame of her beauty was so great, that at length it came to the ears of the king, who pretending to visit the young princes his sons, demanded of Helim the sight of Balsora his fair daughter. The king was so inflamed with her beauty and behaviour, that he sent for Helim the next morning, and told him, it was now his design to recompence him, for all his faithful services; and, that in order to it, he intended to make his daughter queen of Persia. Helim, who knew very well the fate of all those unhappy women who had been thus advanced, and could not but be privy to the secret love which Abdallah bore his daugh-

ter; "Far be it, said he, from the king of Persia to contaminate the blood of the Caliphs, and join himself in marriage with the daughter, of his physician." The king, however, was so impatient for such a bride, without hearing any excuses, he immediately ordered Balsora to be sent for into his presence, keeping the father with him, in order to make her sensible of the honour which he designed her. Balsora who was too modest and humble to think her beauty had made such an impression on the king, was a few moments after brought into his presence as he had commanded.

She appeared in the king's eyes as one of the virgins in Paradise. But upon hearing the honour which he intended her, she fainted away and fell down as dead at his feet. Helim wept, and after having recovered her out of the trance into which she was fallen, represented to the king, that so unexpected an honour was too great to have been communicated to her all at once; but that, if he pleased, he would himself prepare her for it. The king bid him take his own way, and dismissed him. Balsora was again conveyed to her father's house, where the thoughts of Abdallah renewed her affliction every moment, insomuch, that at length she fell into a raging fever. The king

was informed of her condition by those that saw her. Helim finding no other means of extricating her from the difficulties she was in after having composed her mind, and made her acquainted with his intentions, gave her a certain potion, which he knew would lay her asleep for many hours; and afterwards, in all the seeming distress of a disconsolate father, informed the king she was dead. The king, who never let any sentiments of humanity come too near his heart, did not much trouble himself about the matter; however, for his own reputation, he told the father, that since it was known through the empire that Balsora died at a time when he designed her for his bride, it was his intention that she should be honoured as such after her death, and that her body should be laid in the Black Palace among those of his deceased queens.

In the mean time Abdallah, who had heard of the king's design, was not less afflicted than his beloved Balsora. As for the several circumstances of distress, as also how the king was informed of an irrecoverable distemper into which he had fallen, they are to be found at length in the history of Helim. It shall suffice to acquaint my reader, that Helim, some days after the supposed death of his

daughter, gave the prince a potion of the same nature with that which had laid Balsora asleep.

It is the custom among the Persians, to convey, in a private manner, the bodies of all the royal family, a little after their death, into the Black Palace; which is the repository of all who are descended from the Caliphs, or any way allied to them. The chief physician is always governor of the Black Palace, it being his office to embalm and preserve the holy family after they are dead, as well as to take care of them while they are yet living. The Black Palace is so called from the colour of the building, which is all of the finest polished black marble. There are always burning in it five thousand lamps. It has also one hundred folding doors of ebony, which are each of them watched day and night by an hundred negroes, who are to take care that nobody enters besides the governor.

Helim, after having conveyed the body of his daughter into this repository, and at the appointed time received her out of the sleep into which she was fallen, took care some time after to bring that of Abdallah into the same place. Balsora watched over him, till such time as the dose he had taken lost its effects. Abdallah was not acquainted with Helim's de-

sign when he gave him the sleepy potion. It is impossible to describe the surprise, the joy, the transport he was in at his first awaking. He fancied himself in the retirements of the blessed, and that the spirit of his dear Balsora, who he thought was just gone before him, was the first who came to congratulate his arrival. She soon informed him of the place he was in, which, notwithstanding all its horrors, appeared to him more sweet than the bower of Mahomet, in the company of his Balsora.

Helim, who was supposed to be taken up in the embalming of the bodies, visiting the place very frequently. His great perplexity was how to get the lovers out of it, the gates being watched in such a manner as I have before related. This consideration did not a little disturb the two interred lovers. At length Helim bethought himself, that the first day of the full moon, of the month of Tizpa, was near at hand. Now it is a tradition among the Persians, that the souls of those of the royal family, who are in a state of bliss, do on the first full moon after their decease, pass through the eastern gate of the Black Palace, which is therefore called the Gate of Paradise, in order to take their flight for that happy place. Helim therefore having made due preparation for this

night, dressed each of the lovers in a robe of azure silk, wrought in the finest looms of Persia, with a long train of linen whiter than snow which flowed on the ground behind them. Upon Abdallah's head he fixed a wreath of the greenest myrtle, and on Balsora's a garland of the freshest roses. Their garments were scented with the richest perfumes of Arabia. Having thus prepared every thing, the full moon was no sooner up, and shining in all its brightness, but he privately opened the gate of Paradise, and shut it after the same manner, as soon as they had passed through it. The band of negroes, who were posted at a little distance from the gate, seeing two such beautiful apparitions, that shewed themselves to advantage by the light of the full moon, and being ravished with the odour that flowed from their garments, immediately concluded them to be the ghosts of the two persons lately deceased. They fell upon their faces as they passed through the midst of them, and continued prostrate on the earth till such time as they were out of sight. They reported the next day what they had seen, but this was looked upon by the king himself and most others, as the compliment that was usually paid to any of his family. Helim had placed two of his mules at about a mile distance

from the Black Temple, on the spot which they had agreed upon for their rendezvous. Here he met them, and conducted them to one of his own houses which was situated on mount Khacan. The air on this mountain was so very healthful that Helim had formerly transported the king thither, in order to recover him out of a long fit of sickness; which succeeded so well, that the king made him a present of the whole mountain, with a beautiful house and gardens, that were on the top of it. In this retirement lived Abdallah and Balsora. They were both so fraught with all kinds of knowledge, and possessed with so constant and mutual a passion for each other, that their solitude never lay heavy on them. Abdallah applied himself to those arts which were most agreeable to this manner of living, and the situation of the place, insomuch that in a few years, he converted the whole mountain into a kind of garden, and covered every part of it with plantations and spots of flowers. Helim was too good a father to let him want any thing that might conduce to make his retirement pleasant.

In about ten years after their abode in this place, the old king died and was succeeded by his son Ibrahim, who, upon the supposed death of his brother, had been called to court, and en-

tertained there as heir to the Persian empire. Though he was for some years inconsolable for the death of his brother, Helim durst not trust him with the secret, which he knew would have fatal consequence, should it by any means come to the knowledge of the old king. Ibrahim was no sooner mounted to the throne, but Helim sought after an opportunity of making a discovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to so good-natured and generous a prince. It so happened, that before Helim found such an opportunity as he desired, the new king Ibrahim, having been separated from his company in a chase, and almost fainting with heat and thirst, saw himself at the foot of mount Khacan; he immediately ascended the hill, and coming to Helim's house demanded some refreshments. Helim was very luckily there at that time, and after having set before the king the choicest of wines and fruits, finding him wonderfully pleased with so seasonable a retreat, told him, that the best part of his entertainment was to come, upon which he opened the whole history of what had passed.

The king was astonished and transported at so strange a relation, and seeing his brother enter the room with Balsora in his hand, he leaped off from the sofa on which he sat, and cried

out, " 'Tis he! my Abdallah!" Having said this, he fell upon his neck and wept. The whole company for some time remained silent, and shedding tears for joy. The king, at length, after having kindly reproached Helim for depriving him so long of such a brother, embraced Balsora with the greatest tenderness, and told her that she should now be a queen indeed, for that he would immediately make his brother king of all the conquered nations on the other side of the Tigris. He easily discovered in the eyes of our two lovers, that instead of being transported with the offer, they preferred their present retirement to empire. At their request therefore he changed his intentions, and made them a present of all the open country as far as they could see from the top of mount Khacan. Abdallah, continuing to extend his former improvements, beautified the whole prospect with groves and fountains, gardens, and seats of pleasure, till it became the most delicious spot of ground within the empire, and it is therefore called the Garden of Persia.

This Caliph, Ibrahim, after a long and happy reign, died without children, and was succeeded by Abdallah, a son of Abdallah and Balsora, This was the king Abdallah, who afterwards fixed the imperial residence upon mount Kha-

can, which continues at this time to be the favourite palace of the Persian empire.

The good dispositions of the two brothers Ibrahim and Abdallah, as well as that of the fair Balsora, and the happy consequences resulting therefrom, can be imputed only to the advantage of a virtuous education under the wise Helim: a proof that nothing has contributed so much to the happiness of persons of all ranks and of every age, country, and religion, as pious precepts early impressed on the infant mind, and enforced with suitable examples.

THE BASKET-MAKER.

IN the midst of the ocean, commonly called the South Sea, lie the islands of Solomon: in the centre of them lies one, distant from the rest, and larger in proportion. The prince, who now reigns absolute in this central island, has given the name of Solomon's islands to the whole, by the effect of that wisdom where-with he polished the manners of the people.

A descendant of one of the great men of the island, becoming rich, despised the good qualities which had originally ennobled his family, thought of nothing but how to support and distinguish his dignity by the weak pride of an ignorant mind, and disposition abandoned to pleasure. He had a house on the sea-side, where he spent great part of his time in hunting and fishing; but found himself at a loss in pursuit of a large slip of marsh land, overgrown with high reeds, that lay between his house and the sea: resolving at length that it became

not a man of his quality to submit to restraint in his pleasures, for the ease and conveniency of an obstinate mechanic, and having often endeavoured in vain to buy it of the owner, who was an honest industrious basket-maker, and whose livelihood depended on working up the flags of those reeds in a manner peculiar to himself; the gentleman took advantage of a very high wind, and commanded his servants to burn down the barrier. The basket-maker, who saw himself undone, complained of the oppression in terms more suited to his sense of the injury, than the respect due to the rank of the offender; and the reward this imprudence procured him, was the additional injustice of blows and reproaches, and all kinds of insult, ill usage, and indignity.

There was but one remedy, and he took it; for going to the capital, with the marks of his hard usage upon him, he threw himself at the feet of the king, and procured a citation for his oppressor's appearance; who confessing the charge, proceeded to justify his behaviour, by the poor man's unmindfulness of the submission due from the vulgar to gentlemen of rank and distinction. But pray, replied the king, what distinction of rank had the grand-father of your father, when, being a cleaver of wood

in the palace of my ancestors, he was raised from among those vulgar you speak of with such contempt; his distinction was nobler than yours; it was the distinction of soul, not of fortune! I am sorry I have a gentleman in my kingdom, who is so base as to be ignorant, that ease and distinction of fortune were bestowed on him for any other end, than that being at rest from all cares of providing for himself, he might apply his heart, head, and hand, for the public advantage of others.

Here the king discontinuing his speech, fixed an eye of indignation on a sullenness which he observed in the haughty offender, who muttered out his dislike of the encouragement this way of thinking must give to the commonality, whom he considered as persons of no consequence, in comparison of men who were born with honours. When reflection is wanting, replied the king, with a smile of disdain, men must find their defect in the pain of their sufferings, Yanhumo added he, turning to a hardy captain of his gallies, strip the injured and the injurer, and conveying them to one of the most remote parts of the island, set them on shore in the night, and leave them both to their fortune.

The place in which they were landed was a

marsh, under cover of whose flags the gentleman was in hopes to conceal himself, and give the slip to his companion, whom he thought it a disgrace to be found with; but the lights in the galley having given alarm to the savages, a considerable body of them came down in the morning, and discovered the strangers in their hiding places; setting up a dismal yell, they surrounded them, and advancing nearer, with a kind of clubs, seemed determined to dispatch them without sense of hospitality or mercy.

Here the gentleman began to discover, that the superiority of his blood was imaginary; for between a consciousness of shame and cold, under the nakedness he had never been used to, a fear to the event, from the fierceness of the savages, and the want of means to soften or divert their asperity, he fell behind the poor sharer of his calamity, and with an unmanly cowardice, gave up the post of honour, and made a leader of the very man, whom he had thought it a disgrace to consider as a companion.

The basket-maker, on the contrary, to whom the poverty of his condition had made nakedness habitual, to whom a life of pain and mortification, represented death as not dreadful; and whose remembrance of his skill in arts, of which these savages were ignorant, gave him

hopes of safety, by showing them he could be useful, moved with bolder and more open freedom, and having plucked a handful of the flags, sat down without emotion, and making signs that he would show them something worthy of their attention, fell to work with smiles and noddings; while the savages drew near, and gazing, in expectation of the consequences.

It was not long before he had wreathed a kind of cornet, of pretty workmanship, and rising with respect and fearfulness, approached the savage who appeared the chief, and placing it gently on his head, so charmed and struck his followers, that they threw down their clubs and formed a dance of welcome and congratulation round the author of so surprising a favour.

There was not one but shewed the marks of his impatience to be made as fine as his captain; so the poor basket-maker had his hands full of employment; and the savages observing one quite idle, while the other was so busy in their service, took up arms in behalf of natural justice, and began to lay on arguments in favour of their purpose.

The basket-maker's pity now effaced the remembrance of his sufferings; so he arose and

secured his oppressor, by making signs that he was ignorant of the art; but might if they thought fit, be usefully employed in waiting on the work, and fetching flags to his supply, as fast as he should want them.

This proposition luckily fell in with the desire the savages had to keep themselves at leisure, that they might crowd round and mark the progress of a work they took so much pleasure in; they left the gentleman therefore to his duty in the basket-maker's service, and considered him from that time forward as one who was, and ought to be treated as an inferior to their benefactor.

Men, women, and children from all corners of the island, came in droves, the men fell to work, gathered boughs and poles, and made a fine hut to lodge the basket-maker, and brought daily from the country such provisions as they live upon themselves, taking care to offer the imagined servant nothing till his master was done eating.

Three months reflection in this mortified condition, gave a new and just turn to our gentleman's ideas; insomuch that lying awake one night, he thus confessed his sentiments in favour of the basket-maker. I have been to blame, and wanted judgment to distinguish be-

tween excellency and accident. When I should have measured nature, I but looked to vanity. The preference which fortune gives is empty and imaginary; and I perceive too late, that only things of use are naturally honourable. I am ashamed, when I compare my malice, to remember your humanity: but if the gods should please to call me to a repossession of my rank and happiness, I would divide all with you in atonement of my justly punished arrogance.

He promised and performed his promise: for the king soon after sent the captain who had landed them, with presents to the savages; and ordered him to bring both back again.— And it continues to this day a custom in that island, to degrade all gentlemen who cannot give a better reason for their pride, than that they were born to do nothing: and the word for this punishment is, *Send him to the basket-maker.*

ON PRIDE.

Worth makes the Man, want of it the Fellow.

PRIDE, while it endeavours to exalt, commonly tends to lower the persons who are affected with it; but never renders them so mean and despicable in the eyes of the sensible part

of mankind, as when it inspires them with a contempt of those who have more merit than themselves.

This vice is, in reality, of all others, the most improper for mankind. Where is the great difference been one man and another, that any one should think himself so superior to his fellow creatures, as to affect to look down on them with contempt and disdain? Let him who exults in his wealth and greatness, reflect, that his triumphant situation exposes him to many misfortunes, from which the mean and needy are exempted. He is the butt of envy, the mark of malice, and the prey of the designing knave and open robber. A time may come when his honours will prove snares, to convert is imaginary glory into real shame; and when, in spite of pride, he will be tempted to wish for the poverty of the wretch he despised, for the sake of enjoying the same security.

THE HISTORY
OF
MASTER JACKY
AND
Miss Harriot Gracemore.

IN the county of Salop, and near the delightful borders of the Severn, lived the Earl of Fairfame, remarkable for his generosity and benevolence to the poor, and affability and good-nature to the rich.

There was a village not above half a mile distant, in which lived Mr. Gracemore, a tradesman of indifferent circumstances; he had a son whom he named John, after himself. When master Jackey grew to be about eight years old, his papa, who was excessively fond of him, sent for his cousin, who was about his own age, to be a companion for him; they went to school together, and after school hours they would play at marbles.

Master Tommy, for that was his cousin's

name, was not so good a boy as master Jackey, an instance of which I will give you.

This young gentleman had some how or other got into favour with Mr. Brushem's, (his schoolmaster,) cook, from whom, though only a day scholar, he received many little knick-knacks, which the young gentlemen who were boarders but seldom tasted. This encouragement made him a constant visitant of the kitchen, where he was oftner found than any other of his school-fellows. This raised a kind of jealousy among the boarders; and though they bore him no ill-will, resolved to play him an innocent trick, to shame him, if possible, from spending his time among women in a kitchen.

They soon effected this scheme; for without his knowing it, he one morning entered the school with a dirty dish-clout hanging to his tail, which raised a loud laugh from every one, even Mr. Brushem himself had much difficulty to keep his countenance.

Though he was much laughed at in the school, he was pitied in the kitchen, and received more favours than ever, and was frequently in the kitchen by himself with the pantry unlocked. Mrs. Cook had once or twice given him some preserved plums, which

increased his desire for a few more. He once saw her take some out of a jar, and put them into a plate for the next day's use; but before she had well finished, being called away in haste, ran out with the candle in her hand, and in her hurry threw down a mouse-trap, which had been baited and set on the shelf above. Unluckily the trap fell among the plumbs, and still more unluckily did not go off.

No sooner was the cook out of the kitchen, than Tommy ran into the pantry, and it being dark, thrust his fore finger and thumb into the trap instead of the jar; it instantly went off, and caught him fast. Unable to disengage himself, he roared out lustily, when Mr. Brush-em, his wife, the cook, scullion, and ten or a dozen of his school-fellows, ran to see what was the matter, when poor Tommy was dancing about the kitchen with the trap hanging to his fingers; this indeed broke him of spending his time in the kitchen, but as long as he was at the school, he went by the name of trap-fingered Tommy.

Another time he wanted his cousin to stop and play when they came out of school, before they had been home, but Jackey, who was remarkable for his pretty behaviour, never would till he had asked his papa leave. One day

they saw a boy playing at top, Come, says Tommy, let us have a game. No, says Jackey, not till I have been home. Why? says he, we won't stay long, and my uncle won't know it: so pulling out his top he began to play.

O fye! says Jackey, I did not think you was so naughty, when you know my papa always desires us not to stop as we come from school, therefore I will make haste home. I do not care says Tommy I will have one game.

Master Jackey stood a little, begging him not to stay, but finding it in vain, went home by himself. His papa asked him where Tommy was. He told the truth, for he knew better than to tell a story. Tommy staid so long that his uncle went and fetched him home, and sent him supperless to bed, which had such an effect upon him, that he behaved pretty well for some time; but Master Jackey was so constant in his good behaviour to every body, that the whole village talked of nothing else, which at last reached the ears of the Earl of Fairfame, in the following manner. There was an old woman who used to serve my lord's house with butter. My lord happening to see this old woman one day, says to her, Well Goody Creamer, what news? Who is the best boy in town now? To which the old woman, making a low

courtesy, answered, An't please you, my lord, Jackey Gracemore, I think; for though I often meet him in the street coming from school, yet I never see him behave rudely, and I hear he is a fine scholar. Ah, indeed! says his lordship, then I must make him a present, when putting his hand into his fob, he pulled out his fine watch, and bid her give it to master Jackey and tell his papa, he would call at his house to-morrow, and see if what he heard of his son was true. The old woman went directly to Mr. Gracemore's, and delivered the fine watch to master Jackey, and her message to his papa. The next day my lord came, dressed very grand, in his star and garter, his sword by his side, and his gold-headed cane in his hand, and was received with great respect.

When he came to Mr. Gracemore's, he enquired for master Jackey, who was then playing at battledore and shuttlecock in the yard with his cousin; but hearing who wanted him, he left play immediately, and going to the room he made a very low bow and entered; my lord took him by the hand, and asked him a great many questions, all which he answered so prettily, that his lordship was quite charmed with him, and begged the favour to have Jackey home with for a month or so, saying he had a

young lady about his age at his house, who would serve him for a playmate. My lord, says master Jackey, my papa has been so good as to provide me a playmate; I have a cousin who lives with me in this house: if my papa pleases, I should be proud to accept of your lordship's invitation. Then, said Mr. Gracemore, if his lordship will be troubled with you for a month, you may go home with him now; but I do not know how your cousin will spare you. Ah! says the Earl, he shall go with us; whereupon Tommy being called, they all set off for my lord's house, where they were kindly received by Lady Fairfame, who took them out, and shewed them some fine curiosities which were in the garden: the garden itself was indeed charming, every one who walked in it, found some moral couched under the general design; here you were taught wisdom as you walked, and felt the force of some noble truth, or delicate precept, resulting from the fine disposition of the groves, trees, and grottos.

You descended from the house between two groves of trees, planted in such a manner, that they were impenetrable to the eye; while on each hand the way was adorned with all that was beautiful in gardening, statuary and painting. This passage from the house opened into an

area surrounded with rocks, flowers, trees and shrubs; but all disposed as if each was the spontaneous production of nature. As they proceeded forward on this spot, on the right and left hand were two gates, opposite each other, of very different architecture and design, and before them lay a beautiful summer-house, built rather with minute elegance than ostentation. The inside was adorned with emblamatical paintings, representing the charms of virtue and deformity of vice; there was also a painting of Æneas carrying his aged father on his back from the flames of Troy, leading his little son by the hand; and his wife following them. The outside was embellished in the most masterly manner, and adorned with the figure of a Mercury on the top of it.

The right hand gate was planned with the utmost simplicity, or rather rudeness, ivy clasped round the pillars, the baleful cypress hung over it; time seemed to have destroyed all the smoothness and regularity of the stone: two champions with lifted clubs appeared in the act of guarding its access: dragons and serpents were seen in the most hideous attitudes, to deter them from approaching; and the perspective view that lay behind was dark and gloomy

to the last degree; and Jackey and Tommy were tempted to enter only from the motto: *Pervious to virtue.*

The opposite gate was formed in a far different manner; the architecture was light, elegant, and inviting; flowers hung in wreaths round the pillars; nymphs in the most alluring attitudes beckoned their approach; while all that lay behind as far as the eye could reach, seemed gay luxuriant, and capable of affording endless pleasure. The motto itself was contrived to invite them, for over the gate were written these words, *The descent is easy.*

By this time I fancy you begin to perceive, that the gloomy gate was designed to represent the road to virtue; and the opposite the more agreeable road to vice.

It is but natural to suppose, that our young gentry were tempted to enter by the gate which afforded them so many allurements; and Lady Fairfame, as was always her custom in these cases, left them to their choice; and they, like most others, took to the left, that promising most entertainment.

Immediately upon entering the gate of vice, the trees and flowers were disposed in such a manner as to make the most pleasing impression; but as they walked on, the landscapes

began to darken, the paths grew more intricate, they appeared to go downwards, frightful rocks seemed to be over their heads, gloomy caverns, unexpected precipices, awful ruins, heaps of bones and terrifying sounds, caused by unseen waters, began to take place of what at first seemed so lovely; it was in vain to attempt returning, the labyrinth was so perplexed. When Lady Fairfame discovered they were sufficiently impressed with the horrors of what they heard and saw, she took advantage of it, and thus addressed them: "My dears you now see the terrible termination of the road to vice, I would have you learn from what you now see before you, that vice, how specious soever at its first appearance, terminates in endless misery." And then taking them by the hand, she brought them by a hidden door, a shorter way back into the area.

The gloomy gate now presented itself before them, and though there seemed little in its appearance to raise their curiosities, yet encouraged by the motto, they were tempted to enter. The darkness of the entrance, frightful figures which seemed to obstruct their way, and trees of mournful green, conspired at first to disgust them; however as they proceeded,

all began to open and wear a more pleasing appearance, beautiful cascades, bed of flowers, trees laden with fruit, and arbours of jessamine and roses improved the scene : they now found they were ascending, and as they proceeded, all nature grew more beautiful, the prospect widened as they went higher, and Lady Fairfame at last led them to an arbour, from whence they might view the garden and the whole country round. Now, my dears, said she, from this little walk you may learn, that, the road to virtue terminates in happiness.

When they came back, my lord introduced them to Miss Harriot, which was the young lady the Earl had proposed for a companion for master Jackey : her papa was a grocer at Shrewsbury, and my lord brought her home to live with him on account of the good character he heard of her ; my lord left them together, when Miss Harriot shewed them a fine rocking horse my lord had bought her.

Thus the young folks lived very happily together, only master Tommy would sometimes be unlucky ; for one day he tied a rope to two trees, and persuaded Miss Harriot to swing : she had scarce sat down on the rope, when he swung her with such violence, that she fell off

and hurt herself sadly; my lord was very angry, and I believe would have beat him, had not Master Jackey and Miss Harriot interceded for him; however, the next day he got into mischief again; for in getting up a tree into which he had seen a bird fly, he thinking, to be sure, it had a nest there, and trying to deprive the poor bird of its young, tore his breaches, which was a nice new pair, in such a manner, that he never could wear them again; at length he grew so naughty, that he would scarce ever play with Jackey and Harriot, but get into the kitchen, and play at cards with one of the maids, who was not so good as she should be to suffer it.

One day when at play with Jackey at whipping top, he without any provocation caught up the top and threw it at his head; Miss Harriot, who sat on the side of a new wheelbarrow to see them play, and seeing Tommy's ill-nature, cries out, O fye, Tommy, I'll tell my lord of your ill usage to your cousin: the naughty boy directly runs to her, takes hold of the barrow and threw her down. Now my lord happening to see this from a window, sent a servant home with him, but bought Jackey

a fine horse. Sometimes he let him ride after the deer in the park.

Sometimes he would play on the fiddle to Miss for an hour or two together; at other times he would play on the flute whilst Miss Harriott sung, which she did very prettily.

One day Jackey was told my lord was very ill, and desired to see him: whereupon he ran into his bed chamber, and falling on his knees, prayed to God to restore his health; my lord said he found his end approaching, that he had provided for him and Harriot, and begged God to bless them; and in a few hours resigned his breath. After the burial my lady sent for them and showed the will, in which he had left them five hundred pounds each. They lived with my lady eight years after my lord's decease, when she dying likewise, left them joint heirs to her vast estate.

After the time of mourning was over, Jackey and Harriot agreed to be married. Accordingly the happy day being arrived, they went to church, where they were married by the Reverend Mr. Trueman, who had formerly been chaplain to Lord Fairfame.

Thus Jackey and Harriot were now the richest, as they were before the best, people in the county of Salop, and lived many years in

the greatest harmony, beloved by all the country round.

This little history will, I hope, be a sufficient inducement to make all girls and boys behave themselves in a proper manner to every body: If they hope to be rich and happy, let them take care to follow the example of Jackey and Harriot.

THE HISTORY

OF

Master Peter Primrose.

MASTER Peter Primrose was a boy of such uncommon abilities that he was admired by every body. When he was but seven years old, he could say all his catechism perfectly, and repeat the greatest part of his Prayer book and Testament by heart; then he could answer any question in the Bible, and had also obtained some knowledge of men and things; Master Peter's fame was sounded through the whole kingdom, and though his father was only a shepherd, and he bred up among the flocks, the king sent for him to court, and placed him among the wise men of the nation. Here he lived in great splendour for some time; for the king gave him a little prancing horse, clothed with purple and gold, and caused him to ride out every day in company with his only

PETER PRIMROSE.

son. How uncertain are riches and honours, and indeed how frail is all human felicity! Master Peter had not been at court above two years, before the good old king and his son were expelled the kingdom, by an unaccountable faction that arose in the state. Duty and gratitude obliged this young gentleman to take the part of his king and his prince; for which he was persecuted by the opposite party with great fury, and one day forced him into the woods to shield himself from their hatred. Here he lay securely all day, but in the evening his fears were continually alarmed by the roaring of lions, tygers, wolves, and other beast of prey; and his compassion excited by the groans and cries of the tender part of the animal creation, who, not being endowed by nature with strength and fierceness to oppose their enemies, easily became victims, and were devoured. This called up in his mind, the cruelties which had been exercised on his poor master's family and himself, the thoughts of which so robbed him of his resolution, that he grew heedless of his safety, and sitting down on the green turf, resigned himself to the mercy of the beasts. "Ah! why should these creatures, says he, fill me with horror, who are more merciful than men? These spare their

own, and slay only those of another species; but men, more savage men, are bent against each other, and seek their own destruction. Let me fall then by the lion, the tyger, or other animals less cruel, and who act consistently with the dictates of nature." As this was delivered with great emotion, he was overheard by a hermit, whose cave was concealed under a thicket, by which he lay. The old man started at the sound of the human voice, which he had not heard before for years, and supposing it came from one in distress, kindled a brand for fear of the wild beast, and came to his assistance. He found Master Primrose stretched on the ground, and by sorrow rendered insensible of any danger. The old man reproached him for despairing of God's providence and mercy. "Is it for this, says he, that man is endowed with superior reason, and so highly favoured of the Almighty? Shall the dove, shall the lamb, and other creatures fly for refuge, and seek their own safety, and shall man basely and ungratefully disregard, and throw away the life that has been given him? Arise and shake off this shameful sloth, nor longer despair of God's protection. Do your duty and you will always meet with the favour of heaven."

The young man, sensible of the justness of this reproof, arose and bowed respectfully, and was led by the hermit into his cave, and refreshed with a simple repast the good old man provided for him, and then reposed himself till the morning on a couch of dried grass, that here seemed more soft than the down-bed he had lately been used to.

In the morning, when he awoke, he related to the old man the history of his life; and the hermit, after giving him such things as were necessary to support him in his journey, dispatched him with this advice: "You see, my son, what mischiefs attend the ambitious. The love of riches and of power drew you from a state of innocence, from a delightful place, where your paths were paved with violets and primroses, to a court where your road was planted with thistles and thorns. True greatness consists in being good, in promoting the happiness of mankind, and not in wealth and power, as is vainly imagined; for he who hoardeth up treasure, hoards up trouble, and he who aspires to the highest office of state, makes himself a public mark for the multitude to throw their envious arrows at. Retire, my son, to thy former peaceful abode, there worship thy God, comfort thy neighbour, and tend

thy innocent flock, and leave the affairs of state to those who have less virtue and more experience." Contentment is the only ingredient that can render life happy, and that is seldom to be found in the palaces of princes.

AMANDA,

OR

VIRTUE REWARDED.

AN eminent Citizen, who had lived in good fashion and credit, was by a train of accidents, and by an unavoidable perplexity in his affairs, reduced to a low condition. There is a modesty usually attending faultless poverty, which made him rather choose to reduce his manner of living to his present circumstances, than solicit his friends in order to support the show of an estate when the substance was gone. His wife, who was a woman of sense and virtue, behaved herself on this occasion with uncommon decency, and never appeared so amiable in his eyes as now. Instead of upbraiding him with the ample fortune she had brought, or the many great offers she refused for his sake, she redoubled all the instances of her affection, while her husband was continually pouring out

his heart to her in complaints, that he had ruined the best of women in the world. He sometimes came home at a time when she did not the least expect him, and surprised her in tears, which she endeavoured to conceal, and always put on an air of cheerfulness to receive him. To lessen their expence, their eldest daughter, Amanda, was sent into the country, to the house of an honest farmer, who had married a servant of the family. This young woman was apprehensive of the ruin which was approaching, had engaged a friend in the neighbourhood to give her an account of what passed from time to time in her father's affairs.

Amanda was in the bloom of her youth and beauty when the lord of the manor, who often called at the farmer's house, as he followed his country sports fell passionately in love with her. He was a man of great generosity, but from a loose education, had contracted a hearty aversion to marriage. He therefore entertained a design upon Amanda's virtue, which at present he thought fit to keep private. The innocent creature who never suspected his intention, was pleased with his person, and having observed his growing passion for her, hoped by so advantageous a match, she might quickly be in a capacity of supporting her impoverished relations.

One day, as he called to see her, he found her in tears over a letter she had just received from her friend, which gave an account that her father had lately been stripped of every thing by an execution. The lover, who with some difficulty found out the cause of her grief, took this occasion to make her a proposal. It is impossible to express Amanda's confusion, when she found his pretensions were not honourable. She was now deserted of all her hopes and had no power to speak; but rushing from him in the utmost disturbance, locked herself up in her chamber. He immediately dispatched a messenger to her father, with the following letter.

“Sir,

“I have heard of your misfortune, and have offered your daughter, if she will live with me, to settle on her four hundred pounds a year, and to lay down the sum for which you are distressed. I will be so ingenuous as to tell you, I do not intend marriage; but if you are wise, you will use your authority with her, not to be nice, when she has an opportunity of saving you and your family, and of making herself happy.

I am, &c.

This letter came to the hands of Amanda's

mother; she opened and read it with great surprise and concern. She did not think proper to explain herself to the messenger; but desiring him to call again the next morning, she wrote to her daughter as follows:

“ Dear child,

“ Your father and I have just now received a letter from a gentleman who pretends love to you, with a proposal that insults our misfortunes, and would throw us to a lower degree of misery than any thing which has befallen us. How could this barbarous man think that the tenderest of parents would be tempted to supply their wants, by giving up the best of children to infamy and ruin? It is a mean and cruel artifice to make his proposal, at a time when he thinks our necessities must compel us to any thing; but we will not eat the bread of shame; and therefore we charge thee not to think of us, but to avoid the snare which is laid for thy virtue. Beware of pitying us: it is not so bad as you have perhaps been told. All things will yet be well, and I shall write my child better news.

“ I have been interrupted. I know not how I was moved to say things would mend. As I was going on, I was startled by a noise of one

that knocked at the door, who hath brought us an unexpected supply, by payment of a debt that had long been owing. Oh! I will not tell thee all. Some days I have lived almost without support, having conveyed what little money I could raise to your poor father. Thou wilt weep to think where he is, yet be assured he will soon be at liberty. That cruel letter would have broken his heart; but I have concealed it from him. I have no companion at present, besides little Fanny, who stands watching my looks as I write, and is crying for her sister: she says, she is sure you are no well, having discovered that my present trouble is about you. But do not think I would thus repeat my sorrows to grieve thee: no, it is to entreat thee not to make them insupportable, by adding what would be worse than all. Let us bear cheerfully an affliction which we have not brought on ourselves, and remember there is a Power who can better deliver us out of it, than by the loss of thy innocence. Heaven preserve my dear child.

“Thy affectionate mother, &c.”

The messenger, notwithstanding he promised to deliver this letter to Amanda, carried it first to his master, who he imagined would be glad to have an opportunity of giving it into,

her hands himself. His master was impatient to know the success of his proposals, and therefore broke open the letter privately to see the contents. He was not a little moved at so true a picture of virtue in distress. But at the same time was infinitely surprised to find his offers rejected. However, he resolved not to suppress the letter, but carefully sealed it up again and carried it to Amanda. All his endeavours to see her were in vain, till she was assured he brought her a letter from her mother. He would not part with it but upon condition that she should read it without leaving the room.

While she was perusing it, he fixed his eyes on her with the deepest attention: her concern gave a new softness to her beauty, and when she burst into tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a part in her sorrow, and telling her, that he too had read the letter, and was resolved to make a reparation for having been the occasion of it. My little reader, will not be displeased to see the second epistle, which he now wrote to Amanda's mother.

“ Madam,

“ I am full of shame, and shall never forgive myself, if I have not your pardon for what I have lately written. It was far from

my intention to add trouble to the afflicted ; nor could any thing, but my being a stranger to you, have betrayed me into a fault, for which, if I live, I shall endeavour to make you amends as a son. You cannot be unhappy while Amanda is your daughter, nor shall be, if any thing can prevent it which is in the power of,

“ Madam,

“ Your most obedient

“ Humble servant, &c.

This letter he sent by his steward, and soon after he went up to town himself, to complete the generous act he had now resolved on. By his friendship and his assistance, Amanda's father was quickly in a condition of retrieving his perplexed affairs. To conclude, he married Amanda, and enjoyed the double satisfaction of having restored a worthy family to their former prosperity, and of making himself happy by an alliance with their virtues.

A patient resignation to the Divine Will, under such calamitous circumstances as our own honest endeavours are incapable of relieving, is not only our duty, but our interest ; whereas, on the contrary, the use of unlawful means to extricate ourselves from difficulties,

may, perhaps afford a short and temporary relief; but will most certainly render us offensive to God, and to all good men, as well as deprive us of that greatest of all human blessings, a conscience void of offence.

In this piece are evidently seen the happy effects of a virtuous and good education. The fair Amanda appeared more amiable, even in the eyes of a libertine, while she was thus nobly struggling with her adverse fortune; and her purity, which was tried, as it were, in the fire, her firm attachment to the good principles she had imbibed from her parents and teachers, together with the tender concern expressed for her innocence in her good mother's letter, awakened in the heart of her lover a proper sense, and detestation of his own folly, and made him who was before abandoned to sensual delights, a convert to religion and virtue.

MEMOIRS
OF
MASTER BENTLEY.

MASTER Bentley was the son of a gentleman of moderate fortune: He was a remarkable lively youth, possessed of great sweetness of disposition, and showed a very strong attachment to those who had the care of him. He had no faults that proceeded from the heart; but his spirits were so high, that they frequently wanted restraint.

This liveliness prevented his making any progress in learning. He had quick parts, but did not improve them by application. The slightest difficulty discouraged his further attempts, and his inattention was frequently mistaken for stupidity. His father and mother took all imaginable pains to make pleasure the vehicle of instruction, but were discouraged by the little advancement he made. He wished

to be always at play. He was restless, disturbed others, and was generally dissatisfied with himself. His parents endeavoured to make him sensible in the most familiar manner, that idleness is the soil in which every vicious weed springs up, and chokes the seeds of virtue.

Master Bentley stole out one evening, unknown to his parents and entered into a game at trap-ball with some children he found there.

His heedlessness, however, had prevented him from acquiring any degree of excellence even at these sports. The boys finding him an interruption, at last turned him out of the company. His heart was full, he went and sat down at a shop door and burst into tears—The woman of the house came up to him. “What, Master Bentley (said she) are you rambled from home? Your good papa and mama don’t know where you are, I am afraid. Come in a moment, let us hear what is the matter, and I will step home with you.” “They won’t let me play with them (answered he, with a burst of indignant grief,) and I think I can play as well as they. I am sure I play as much as any boy, and therefore I must know how to play.”

“I believe it would be better for you if you

played less, sir (said the good woman)—I never heard any body speak of your reading your book—there is a proper time for all things—those boys have been at school, and learned their lessons before they went to play.”—“I am sure all of them have not,” replies he,—there is Sam Rogers, and Dick Giles, they do not learn to read; they do nothing but play.” “You are very much mistaken, master,” said the old woman, “those boys help their father to pull turnips, and their mother to spin!—Only think of John Meadows, he was never taught to work nor keep his church, and therefore, as he was poor, he learned to steal, and at last came to a bad end. Poor peoples children are made useful, and I am sure rich ones were not born to do nothing, though they have different employments. It is expected that Master Bently should be able to read better than Sam Rogers, or Dick Giles; but it has been whispered in my ear, that Master Bentley cannot read at all.”

The boy was really abashed. “Let me go home, dame, said he, I can go by myself.” She went home with him, however; as he passed the boys, they called out—

“O what a thing is it to say,
That boy can neither read nor play.”

He tried to hide himself behind Mrs. Spilman. The good woman told his mother what had happened. Mrs. Bentley hoped for a good effect from it, but dared not to expect it. The next morning, when she went into his chamber, she found him with a book in his hand, and was asking his elder brother some questions. She was much pleased, and did not interrupt him. After breakfast he asked her to let him read, telling her, he was so laughed at the night before, for not being able to read nor play well, that he was resolved not to be idle any more. He continued to give such attention to his books, that he soon lessened all difficulties, and he endeavoured to excel in playful exercises as well as in learning.

A year or two after, his father became acquainted with a neighbouring baronet, and Master Bentley was invited to pass a day with his son. The family lived in great taste and elegance.—He went and was amazed at the grandeur and opulence of every apartment, and could not help thinking, that where there was so much magnificence, there must be a vast deal of happiness. He looked up to Master Grandville as to a being of a superior order. His joy was increased at the sight of the variety of dishes at table. He had been

used to eat only of one kind of meat. He wanted to taste of every thing he saw, and yet, when he had begun with one dish, he was unwilling to resign it for another.

After dinner, instead of being lively and fit as usual for a walk, he found himself sleepy and dispirited. He had eaten such a variety, that when the desert appeared, he had no relish for it. Master Edward Grandeville soon desired him to leave the company and take a walk with him. By degrees his spirits returned; but, when they were called in to tea, he felt much less inclination for rich cake he saw prepared, than towards his usual food. The young gentlemen, in a short time, returned his visit; but the behaviour of the younger son troubled him exceedingly.

Mr. Bentley's house and gardens were perfectly neat and convenient, though not grand nor elegant. Master Grandeville declared the apartments were scarcely fit to sleep in; there was no room to breathe. They both, however, eat very heartily of the genteel dinner provided for them, and seemed not to regret the delicacies and variety of their own table. After their wholesome repast was ended, they walked into the garden.

Mr. West, the tutor of the young gentlemen,

followed them. Master Edward would not be drawn from the fruit trees, therefore his brother and Master Bentley walked on without him.—

“ I am afraid, sir, said the latter, you have made a very indifferent dinner—you are not used to live in such a manner as we do.—You will not come to see me any more, I doubt.”

“ Indeed but I will, Master Bentley, answered the other, with a good natured smile, and an affectionate shake by the hand, what do you think I cannot dine without two courses? I never passed a day more agreeable than this.”

“ What not at home, in your charming house, sir, said he, and where you have such a plenty of every thing you can wish for ! You must be vastly happier than we are.”

Master Grandville smiled. He was several years older than Master Bentley, had a good-natured understanding, improved by diligent application, and he had been accustomed to keep the best company. . He had in consequence acquired great ease of manners, with a becoming presence of mind : he had a natural politeness, which flowed from the benevolence of his heart. “ Can you really think, my dear Master Bentley, that I am happier than you, because I have a finer coat, a larger house, and a greater variety of dishes at table ? I have

been taught to thank Providence for every instance of his bounty, and I endeavoured to imitate my parents in making the best use of the grandeur and opulence I possess. It is indeed a most delightful power to relieve misery; and to promote happiness; but you can enjoy this satisfaction as well as myself, and if not in an equal degree, you have no more reason to complain than I have, since, where less is given less is required; and from those who receive more than we, more will certainly be expected."

"You talk vastly well, sir, answered Master Bentley, but it is a charming thing to do just as we please. To read when we like, and to play, or walk, or ride, or fish, just as we choose." Mr. West now joined them. He heard Master Bentley, and smiling, "When any person pleases to do what is right, said he, there is no danger in his persuing his own inclinations; but young people are generally happiest when they are under the direction of their parents, or some experienced person; and as to walking, riding, fishing, &c. they are very agreeable amusements, but they were never designed for the business of their lives.—If youth is the time, in which we are most capable of enjoying pleasure, it is also the

season in which we must sow the seeds of instruction, if we expect to reap the fruits of improvement. My pupil always passes his mornings in a regular succession of useful employments—writing themes, letters, reading, Latin exercises, French, music, drawing, &c. are each taken in turn, and he enjoys every study that tends to make him wiser, and every accomplishment that can render him more agreeable, and in consequence more useful.”

“ You seem, my dear Master Bentley, added Master Grandeville, to think it a happy circumstance to be able to eat a great variety, when, I assure you, my mother always makes it a general rule to dine upon one dish of meat, as most salutary to health. I suppose she practised some self-denial at first, but her health required it, and custom has now made it not only easy but preferable.” “ Her enjoyments, said Mr. West, are not those peculiar to a dignified station; but such as are the easy and natural gratifications of every rational mind.”

As they were talking, they drew near the court-yard gate, from whence they saw a pretty little girl of nine or ten years old, with a basket on her arm.

Master Bentley asked her how her grand-

mother did. She shook her head, and answered she was very full of pain, and she doubted never would be better. Then, after making a low courtesy, walked on.

Master Grandville enquired what was the matter with her grandmother, and was told by Master Bentley, that she had a cancer in her breast, which was extremely painful, and it was thought would soon occasion her death; that it was become very offensive; that her neighbours did not know how to be with her, or assist her; that the mother of this little girl, who had lived with the friends of her deceased husband, and been provided for, as well as her child by them, on hearing her mother's deplorable situation, left them immediately, and devoted herself to the care of her poor parent. The child also begged she might go with her mother, that she might spin, knit, and sew for them both, and that she was the most industrious creature of her age in the village.

The young gentleman called her back, and gave her something for her grandmother. Mr. West asked her if she did not wish herself again with her father's friends, and if she had not been happier with them. "What and leave my grandmother, poor dear soul! said the little innocent; no, I am sure my mother

and I would work our fingers to the bone, rather than she should want any thing we could do for her ; and though we often sit and cry to see her in pain, which we cannot prevent it, yet there is a vast comfort, as my mother says, in thinking, that we are doing our duty, and keeping her sweet and clean ; and we feel happier in that thought, than when we lived in great plenty at my uncle's.

Mr. West and Master Grandville were delighted with the little girl. They asked if her Grandmother was not afraid to die. The child looked astonished. " Afraid, sir, said she, what, should such a good woman be afraid to die ? She is so patient and always did her duty so well, that she may be glad to go and receive her reward. But I must not stay any longer, for my mother will want the eggs." She then made her courtesy, and tripped away.

" You find, my dear Master Bentley, happiness is not confined to splendour and greatness. This little girl has higher enjoyments in her present situation, in the discharge of such an essential duty, than she had while she possessed a greater plenty of those things the world think desirable. Believe me, it is not the part we act on the stage of life, but the manner in which we support the character

allotted us, which constitutes our merit, and secures our happiness. The bustle we make in the pursuit of the good things of this life, would almost lead us to imagine, that people expected to live for ever. Remember my dear pupil, you once longed for a drum. How pleasing was the noise it afforded you while in the possession of another; but even the very day after you became master thereof, you grew sick of the noise, and laid it aside in disgust. So it is in the common occurrences in life. We sicken for what others possess, and often envy those who stand most in need of our pity. Sumptuous living impairs our health, renders our lives full of complaints, and much shortens our course here. Fine clothes may attract the eye of the vulgar and unthinking; but learning, virtue, and wisdom, are the only sure marks, by which the amiable youth is distinguished from the indolent and slothful.

[LIFE OF

Thomas Thoroughgood.

MASTER Thomas Thoroughgood, the younger son of a country gentleman, was put out apprentice to an eminent tradesman in Cheapside. The master, finding his business increase, was obliged to take another about two years after, whose name was Francis Froward.

Thomas had behaved exceedingly well, was very diligent and honest, as well as good; he used to say his prayers constantly every morning and night; he never went to play when he should be at church or about his master's business; never was known to tell a lie, nor even staid when he was sent on an errand. These rare qualifications had gained him the affections of his master and mistress, and made him a favourite in the family before Francis came to them. It was in a great measure

owing to Master Tommy's character in the neighbourhood, that Mr. Froward was induced to comply with the master's demands, not doubting but his son, in such a happy situation, and with a companion of so sweet a disposition, would one day turn out to his satisfaction, and be a comfort to him in his old age.

Francis, in the first year of his apprenticeship, began to discover the natural bent of his inclination. He chose to associate himself with naughty boys in the streets, and seemed to place his whole delight in loose and idle diversions; he neglected the business of the shop when at home, and entirely forgot it when he was abroad. These, and many more indiscretions of the like nature, Tommy Thoroughgood concealed at first from his master, though not without some inward uneasiness.

In the fourth years service, our young spark, who was an only child, and heir to a pretty fortune, gave further proofs of his vicious turn of mind, and frequently launched out into follies of a more heinous nature; for now he made no scruple of absenting himself from church on the Lord's-day; always staid out late when he knew his master was engaged in company, and at such times very rarely return-

ed home sober; nay, he had sometimes the assurance to lie out of his master's house all night. In order to deter him from pursuing this wicked course of life, Mr. Thoroughgood threatened to inform his master of his scandalous behaviour, and to acquaint his parents of his misconduct. But, alas! all these menaces proved ineffectual, and instead of working out his reformation, served only to heighten his resentment, and to raise daily squabbles and animosities between them. Hereupon Mr. Thoroughgood, finding all his good offices hitherto thrown away, and at length determined no more to meddle in the affair, or even to offer his brotherly advice; but to leave the unhappy youth to follow the dictates of his own perverse will; being resolved at the same time to take particular care, that he should not in any of his mischievous frolics, defraud his master, and thereby, cast an odium upon his fellow-apprentice.

The master was chosen alderman of the ward, and Mr. Thoroughgood was out of his time in the same year; and from his faithful service, and unblameable conduct, had now the whole management of their trade, as well abroad as at home, committed to his care and inspection. This great charge obliged him to

keep a strict eye over Francis's behaviour, who was just entering into the last year of his apprenticeship, and imagined his actions were above the cognizance of one, who, the other day, was but his equal ; and on this account would neither bear his reproof, nor hearken to his admonition ; but continued to riot in all the follies and degeneracies of human nature, till his apprenticeship was expired : so true it is, that "the wicked hateth reproof, but the wise man lendeth his ear to instruction."

Mr. Francis having been for a long while impatient of a servile life, was now become his own master, and seemed eager of putting himself upon a level with his late companion. To effect this, he goes down to his father, and prevails upon him to set him up in the business, that he might trade for himself. The reins were no sooner laid on his neck, than he gave a loose to his sensual appetites, and in little more than four years had a statute of bankruptcy taken out against him. The unexpected news of this fatal event instantly broke his mother's heart, nor did the old gentleman survive her long. Hereupon our heir was obliged to sell the personal and mortgage the real estate, to procure his liberty, and to satisfy the assignees. In this sinking

situation, after the days of mourning were over, he let the house his father lived in, and returned again to London, where he purchased a handsome equipage, commenced the fine gentleman, frequented the balls, masquerades, playhouses, routs, &c. &c. and cut as good a figure as the best of them. But here let us leave him for a while, and turn our eyes to a worthier object.

In the same space of time which Mr. Forward took to squander away a good estate, Mr. Thoroughgood had, by his own industry, and from a small fortune, gained one considerably better, and was in a fair way of increasing it. The former made pleasure his business, but the latter made business his pleasure, and was rewarded accordingly. The alderman, who by his own application, and Mr. Thoroughgood's assiduity, was grown very rich, had no child now living but a daughter, of whom both he and his lady were extremely fond; they had nothing so much at heart as to see her well settled in the world. She was the youngest, and just now turned of twenty. She had many suitors, but resolved to encourage none without the consent of her parents, who would often, when by themselves, tell her that it was their joint opinion she could not dispose

of herself better than to Mr. Thomas, and would frequently ask how she liked him? for they would be unwilling to marry her against her own inclination. Her usual answer was, "Your choice shall be mine: This reply was not so full and expressive as they expected; and as mothers are commonly very dexterous in finding out their daughters maladies, madam had a good reason to believe, from some observations she made on miss's behaviour, that, her affections were already fixed, and that she was deeply in love with somebody else, which was the cause of her unusual anxiety. Hereupon, as she was sitting at work one evening in a melancholy posture, they called her, and desired to be informed whether the husband they proposed was disagreeable to her, if so, she should choose for herself.

The young lady, after some hesitation, with blushes confessed her regard for Mr. Thoroughgood; which gave infinite satisfaction to the alderman and his lady, who were overjoyed at the prospect they had of marrying their daughter to a person of such prudence, integrity, and honour.

The next day, as soon as dinner was over, the alderman and his lady withdrew, and left the two lovers together all the evening; from

this interview they became sensible of each other's approaching happiness, and about a month after were joined together, to the great satisfaction of all parties concerned. From this day the bridegroom was taken into partnership, and transacted the whole business himself. In process of time his father-in-law died, and left him in possession of all his substance. He succeeded him also in his dignity, and having served the office of sheriff, was in a few years called to the chair.

Mr. Froward, whom we left a while ago pursuing his pleasures and wicked inclinations, had long before this been reduced to poverty; and like many other thoughtless wretches, betook himself to the highway and gaming table, in hopes of recovering a lost fortune. He had followed this destructive trade with some success, and without being discovered, above three years; but was at length taken near Enfield, and brought to trial at the Old Bailey, during his fellow-apprentice's mayoralty, and cast for death. When he was brought to the bar to receive sentence, his lordship recollecting Mr. Froward's name, examined who he was, and asked if he was not the same person that served his time with Mr. Alderman ———, in Cheapside. This he positively denied; but notwith-

standing he used all possible means to disguise himself, his person and speech betrayed him. My lord, animated with the principals of compassion and benevolence, and imagining that his design of concealing himself in his wretched situation might very probably proceed from shame or despair, took no further notice of it in court, but forgetting his present disgrace, as well as his former arrogance and indiscretion, privately procured his sentence to be changed into transportation for life.

The ship in which Mr. Froward embarked, was by stress of weather driven into a certain port in Jamaica, where he, in less than ten days was sold to a noted planter, and doomed to perpetual slavery. You may imagine how shocking this prospect must appear to a gentleman, who had just before squandered away a good estate in indolence and pleasure, who never knew what it was to work, nor had ever given himself time to think upon the nature of industry. However, he no sooner began to reflect upon his present wretched situation, and his late providential deliverance from death, than he also began to repent of his former transgressions; and finding himself in a strange country, unknown to any person about him, he patiently submitted his neck to the

yoke, and endured his servility with an uncommon fortitude of mind. In the first place he determined, during all the time of his labour to offer up continual thanksgiving to Almighty God for his manifold mercies bestowed on so unworthy a creature, and to devote all his leisure hours to the duty of repentance. His next resolution was to obey his master's commands, to serve him faithfully, and to perform whatever business was imposed on him, so far and so long as health and strength would permit; not doubting but the same God, who had preserved him hitherto, in such a wonderful manner, would accept the oblations of a contrite heart, and enable him to go through it with courage and cheerfulness.

The first month's service went very hard with him. His hands blistered, his feet grew sore, and the heat of the climate was almost insupportable; but, as custom makes every station familiar, before three months were expired, all these grievances were at an end; and he, naturally endued with a spirit of emulation, would not suffer himself to be outdone by any of his fellow slaves. The superintendant observing his extraordinary assiduity, could not help taking notice of him, and would frequently give him encouragement, either by calling

him off to go on a trivial errand or by thrusting some money into his hand. He behaved in this manner near two years, when his master was informed of his good disposition, and removed him from that laborious employment to an easier, where he had more frequent opportunities of paying adoration to that Almighty Being, who supported him under his afflictions. In these intervals, he was generally found with a book in his hand, or on his knees from which practice he received great consolation.

At the expiration of three years, Sir Thomas Thoroughgood, who made previous enquiry after his fellow-prentice's behaviour abroad, sent orders to his agent in Jamaica, to purchase Mr. Froward's freedom; and to advance him one hundred pounds, that he might be enabled to get his own livelihood; but at the same time gave strict orders to his friend, not to let Mr. Froward know who was his benefactor, and to lay his master under the like injunction. In a short time Mr. Froward was discharged from slavery; but did not express so much joy on the occasion as might have been reasonably expected. From the good usage he met with in servitude, and the unusual favours he received from the superintendant, as well as

the planter, he had conceived a great liking for the latter, and seemed to part with him not without some inward reluctance, though with apparent surprise; which was much heightened by the additional favour of a note for one hundred pounds, payable upon sight to Mr. Francis Froward or order, delivered to him by the same hand, soon after he received the discharge before mentioned. During this confusion, the gentleman, who really had a value for his late servant, told him, he was welcome to be at his house till he was settled, and that he would do all the good offices in his power to promote his future welfare. Mr. Froward replied, "Sir, you cannot do me a greater service than to let me know who is my generous benefactor; because it is incumbent upon me to make some acknowledgment." The master positively refused to do this, and turned off the discourse, by asking how he intended to dispose of himself and money. "Sir," says he, "I am not unacquainted with the nature of trade, and labour is now become habitual to me, and as I am well skilled in the cultivation of the sugar-cane, I would willingly rent a small plantation of that kind, and work upon it for myself." The planter approved this design, and promised him assistance.

In about a month after, Mr. Froward met with a bargain, agreeable to his means, and worked upon it as hard as if he had still been a slave, with this difference only, that he could now spend more time in the service of his all-powerful Redeemer. In the interim, his late master procured him a wife with a handsome fortune, who had a sugar work of her own, and some negroes; he purchased more, and, by his industry, thrived amain, and in a few years laid up a thousand pounds in money.

In this comfortable state nothing gave him uneasiness, but that he could not come to the knowledge of his kind benefactor; never was man more anxious to show his gratitude, or more solicitous to find out his friend! One day, as he was at his devotion, a strange gentleman came to his habitation and desired to see him. He was no sooner admitted, than he accosted him in the following manner: "Mr. Froward, I am commander of the Dove frigate, whose principal owner is Sir Thomas Thoroughgood, and am just arrived from England: by Sir Thomas's orders I am to inform you, that his Jamaica agent is dead, and he has made choice of you to succeed him here in that station. I have a commission from him for you in my pocket, to dispose of my cargo, and to

freight me again for my voyage home. He never would own it, but I am well assured he is the person who saved your life, who redeemed you from bondage, and was the sole instrument of your present prosperity." Nothing could have given Mr. Froward so great a pleasure and satisfaction, as this last piece of intelligence he knew not how to make the captain welcome enough, he kept him all night, and in the morning made him a present of a hogshead of rum. He made all the possible dispatch in disposing of his cargo, and freighted him out with the utmost expedition. With the rest of the goods, he sent Sir Thomas ten hogsheads of sugar, and as many of rum, for a present, with the following letter :

"Honoured Sir,

"Transported with joy, and drowned in tears, I send this testimony of my esteem, of which I humbly hope your acceptance, as well as of those small tokens of my gratitude, with which it is accompanied. Next under God, it is to you, dear sir, that I owe my life, my liberty, and my all. Happy me, had I listened to your advice in my non-age ! happy still as by your means, I have been directed to the paths of virtue. It is to you I am indebted

for my present comfortable situation and the dawning prospect of future happiness; the bills of lading, &c. are sent by Mr. ———, and all your business here, with which I am intrusted, shall be executed with the utmost diligence and fidelity. I have only to add my prayers for the continuation of your life and health, who have been so beneficial to many, but more particularly to, honored sir, Your most humble and obliged, though most unworthy servant,

Francis Froward."

Sir Thomas was highly pleased with the purport of his letter, though he rallied the captain, for letting him know to whom he was obliged for his freedom. The same ship was sent the next season on the same voyage, when the captain was ordered to pay Mr. Froward a full price for the rum and sugar he had sent to the knight, and to deliver him a letter, in which he gave him a receipt in full for all the favours he had conferred on him.

To be short, in a few years afterwards, Mr. Froward died, and, having no children, left the whole of his estate to Mr. Thoroughgood's family, who thus received with interest the rewards of a generous and humane action.

OF INDOLENCE.

INDOLENT men are very apt to murmur at the dispensations of Providence, and to call for divine assistance to extricate them from their difficulties, when it is in their own power to accomplish what they desire. They who will not stir a finger to promote their own interest, never can expect assistance from others.

He who depends on the assistance of others, to perform what he is able to do for himself, is sure to have his business neglected. You might almost as well expect to subsist and live by another man's performing the office of nature, and eating and drinking by proxy, as imagine that your affairs can be carried on without your own stirring in them. How, indeed, can we have the conscience to imagine that other people will be active in our interests, while we ourselves are indolent and unconcerned about them. Such a temper subjects the owner of it to perpetual disappointments and losses. Either the business will not be transacted at the time we desire, as they, into whose hands we commit it, will choose that occasion, which is most convenient to themselves.

There is no situation in life wherein indo-

lence is not attended with the worst consequences. A man of fortune may quickly be ruined by a mercenary steward, for want of properly looking into the state of his affairs himself. The merchant, if he neglects his ledger, and confides solely in his clerks, may blame himself if he becomes a bankrupt; and the mechanic who is too idle to superintend his workmen, may expect to see his children begging their bread. To every one who is of so unhappy a disposition, let me apply the reproach of the wise man when he says, 'Go to the Ant, thou sluggard! consider her ways and be wise.' And here it must be observed; first, that Solomon addresses himself to the sluggish, lazy, and indolent of the children of Israel, with great vehemence and resentment; Go to the Ant, thou sluggard! And the reason of his referring them to this little insect is obvious, the ant being the most provident animal in the whole creation; always laying up a sufficient stock of provisions in the summer, for its winter consumption. Secondly, consider her ways, says he, and be WISE. Here the industry of the ant is called wisdom; but the meaning of the sentence is neither more nor less than this: Ye lazy wretches, if you were not fools, you would be industrious;

there is more wisdom in an insignificant ant than all of you can boast of; she has sense enough to provide for a rainy day; but you shall have no one to pity or relieve you in the day of adversity, since your misfortunes will be the natural consequence of your indolence.

OF INDUSTRY.

It is incredible how much may be done by diligence and assiduity. We are not acquainted with our own powers till we exercise them. Men who want resolution, often desist from enterprises, when they have more than half effected their purpose; they are discouraged by difficulties which ought rather to redouble the vigour of their efforts to succeed.

Industry includes in itself this double blessing; it enables us to gain the point we aim at: and heightens the relish of our enjoyments, when we consider that we have attained them by our own art and perseverance. But if we should happen to fail in our endeavours, it excites the pity of those who are able to serve us; and gives a grace to our petitions for assistance and relief.

THE END.

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